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## COMICS

AUGUST  
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### Blackhawk

*meets*

### TIGRA,

BEAUTIFUL *and*  
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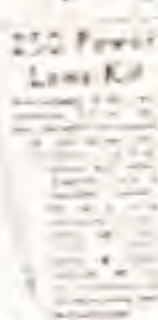
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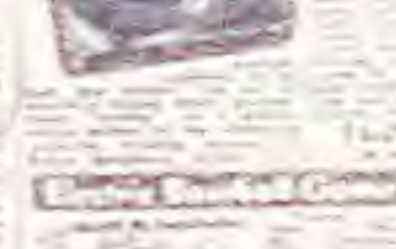
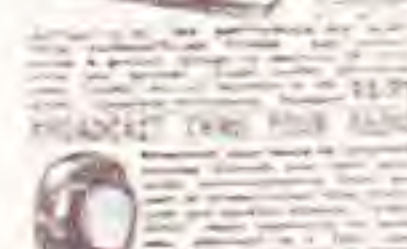
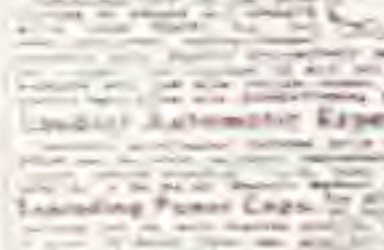
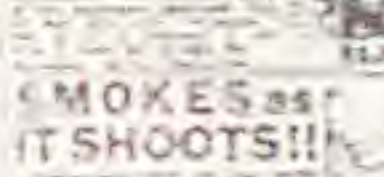
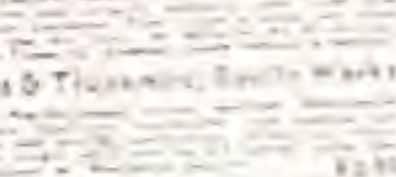
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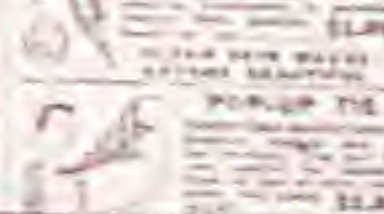
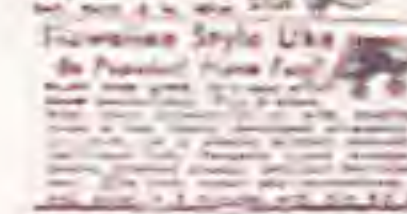
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Radio



Radio



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# BLACKHAWK



**T**his is Bolivia -- a city born of strife and violence, its past a tragic episode written in blood, its present a gallant struggle against ruthless enemies to restore a semblance of peace to its people! Into this battle plunge the daring **BLACKHAWKS**, matching strength and wits against a female Judas known as **TIGRA**, and her brood of traitorous jackals who form a ring of steel around --

*The BESIEGED CITY!*



Our story opens on Blackhawk Island—

HERE'S AN S.O.S. I JUST PICKED UP, BLACKHAWK! IT'S IN CODE, BUT WAS BEAMED ON OUR SECRET FREQUENCY!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK, CHUCK!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF EET, BLACKHAWK?

IT'S TROUBLE, ANDRE! THE CODE USED IS THE SECRET ONE WE DEvised FOR VULCAN BEDNAR, THE PRIME MINISTER OF BOLVANIA!

HMM! IT LOOKS BAD! REVOLT HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE COUNTRY! THE REBELS HAVE CAPTURED ALL STRATEGIC POINTS AND ARE BESIEGING THE CAPITOL!

BY GOLL, DOT LITTLE COUNTRY 156 AIRS IN TROUBLE! WE SHOULD HELP SMASH DOSE REBELS VUINCE AND FOR ALL!



TAKE OFF AND CIRCLE THE FIELD AT THREE THOUSAND FEET! WE'LL SET COURSE AFTER WE MAKE FORMATION!

BY GAR! DERE BAK NO TIME TO LOSE!

FLY TIGHT, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH THE REBEL RING TO LAND IN THE CITY!



A thousand miles later...

NOM DU NOM! WHY NOT MEET ZE DECK AND GEEV THESE PEEGS A DOSE OF LEAD, EH?

NOT YET, ANDRE! WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH THE PRIME MINISTER BEFORE WE TAKE ACTION! PREPARE TO LAND!

AH, BLACKHAWK! THANK GOODNESS YOU HAVE COME! THE PRIME MINISTER AWAITS YOU!

GOOD! I HAVEN'T SEEN THE P.M. IN YEARS! HOW GOES THE BATTLE?







AND THAT'S THE STORY, BLACKHAWK! THE REBEL RANKS ARE THICK WITH FOREIGN MERCENARIES, UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTURERS, AND NATIVE TRAITORS! THEY CAUGHT US COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE AND ARE WELL ARMED!

WHAT ARE YOUR MILITARY PLANS?



OF WHAT USE ARE MILITARY PLANS WHEN OUR OWN RANKS ARE HONEYCOMBED WITH SPIES AND TRAITORS? OUR EVERY MOVE IS KNOWN TO THEM BEFORE OUR CONFERENCES ARE ENDED!

HAHA, THAT IS BAD! WHO LEADS THE REBELS, YOUR EXCELLENCY?



STRANGELY ENOUGH, THEIR LEADER IS A WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS TIGRA! SHE IS AS CRUEL AND RUTHLESS AS HER NAME IMPLIES!

SHE MUST BE CLEVER INDEED TO HAVE BUILT AS EFFICIENT AN ORGANIZATION AS THESE REBELS HAVE! HOW ABOUT YOUR SUPPLIES, SIR?



SUPPLIES ARE OUR ONLY SALVATION! AT THIS VERY MOMENT A FREIGHTER LADEN WITH GUNS AND MUNITIONS IS ON ITS WAY HERE! BUT I FEAR IT WILL NEVER SUCCEED IN RUNNING THE REBEL BLOCKADE!

THEN, I TAKE IT, MY FIRST TASK WILL BE TO ESCORT THE SUPPLY SHIP THROUGH THE BLOCKADE! RIGHT?



While, in another part of the besieged city--

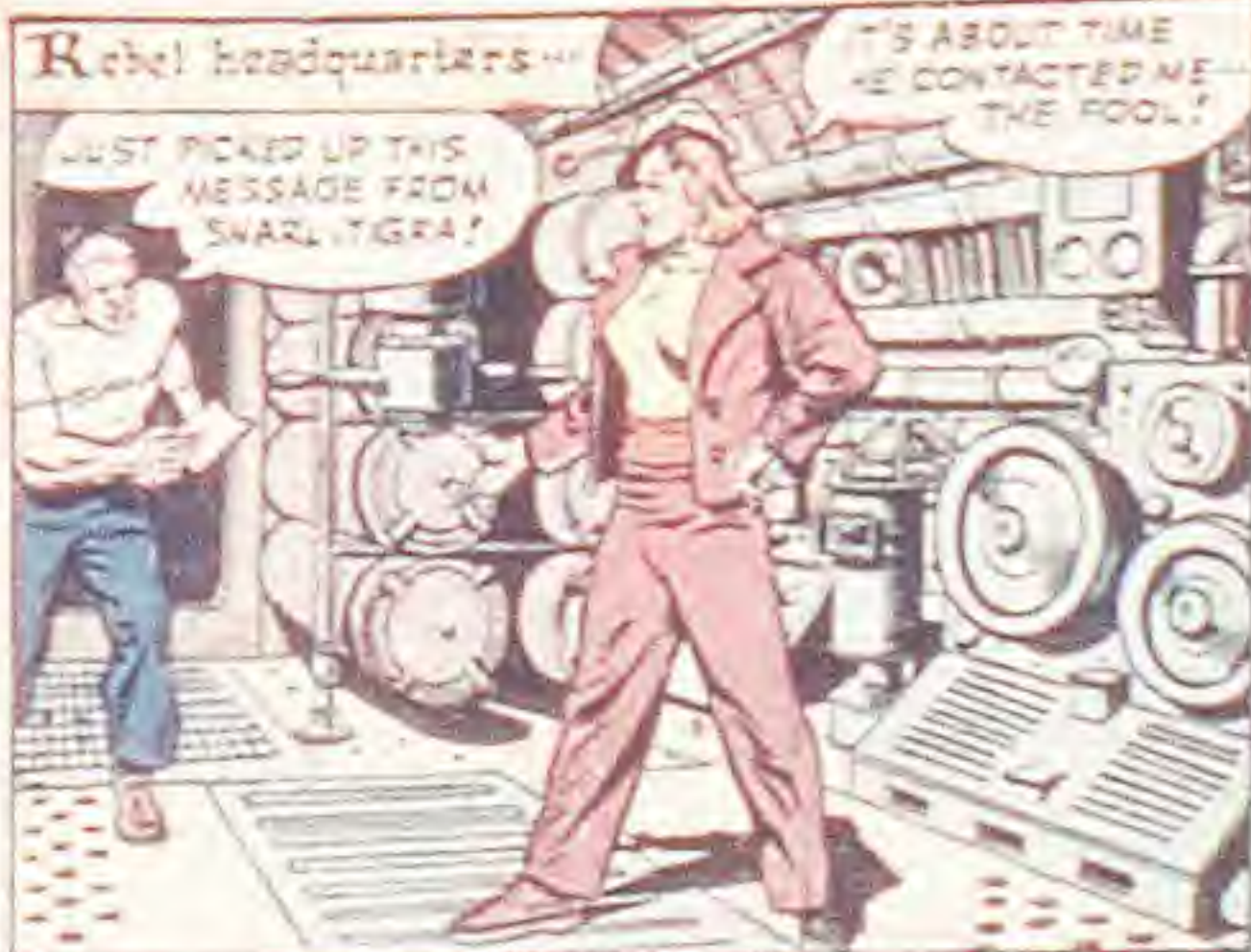
PRECISELY, BLACKHAWK! HERE ARE THE CHARTS! IF YOU CAN RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FREIGHTER AT TREACHERY REEFS AND ESCORT HER TO THE FIRST SERIES OF CANAL LOCKS, WHICH ARE STILL IN OUR HANDS, HALF OUR PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED!



VERY CONVENIENT GADGET, EH? TIGRA WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THIS! CONTACT HEADQUARTERS AND RELAY THE INFORMATION!

AS YOU SAY, SNARL!













DEAD END! SHE'S  
DEAD END!  
STAYING FOR  
OUR CHANNEL!

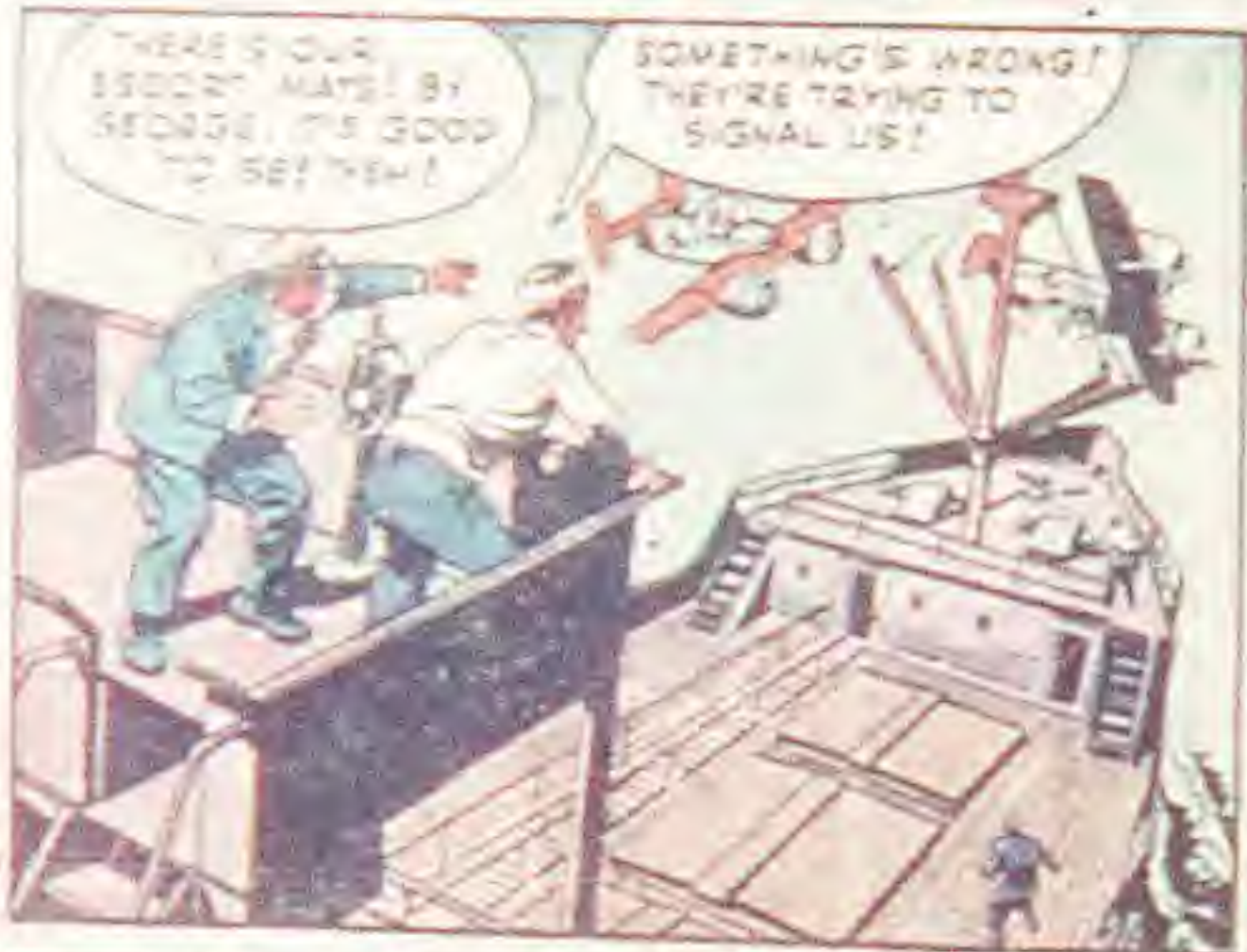
YES, I SEE HER!  
WE'LL CHECK HER  
POSITION AND  
THE CHANNEL!



SACRE BLEU!  
REGARDES,  
BLACKHAWK!  
ACCORDING TO  
OUR CHARTS, THE  
CHANNEL SHOULD  
BE MARKED, BUT  
INSTEAD OF REEFS  
ARE MARKED BY  
THE BUOYS!



THOSE MARKERS HAVE  
BEEN SWITCHED! WE  
MUST WARN THE  
FREIGHTER!



THERE'S OUR  
ESCAPING MATE! BY  
GEORGE, IT'S GOOD  
TO SEE THEM!

SOMETHING'S WRONG!  
THEY'RE TRYING TO  
SIGNAL US!



WHY? I'LL SAY  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG! THOSE  
MARKERS ARE  
LEADING US TO  
THE REEFS!

WHEELHOUSE!  
HARD ASTERN!  
REVERSE  
ENGINES!



WHEN THAT WAS  
CLOSE, BUT SHE'S  
SAFE NOW!

SHE'S SAFE,  
BUT YOU  
AREN'T!



NO TRICKS,  
BLACKHAWK!  
MAKE ALTITUDE  
AND BAIL OUT!

BAIL OUT? HAVE YOU GONE  
MAD? PUT DOWN THAT  
GUN, SNARL!









THAT FREIGHTER WILL REACH THE CANAL LOCKS SAFELY AND YOU'LL ALL BE SERVED SOME OF THE EXPLOSIVE COCKTAILS WE'VE AS CARGO!

I DON'T THINK SO, MY FRIEND! I PLAN TO BLOW THAT SHIP UP, AND THE CANAL WITH IT!



YOU WONDER HOW, EH? YOU AND SIX OF MY MEN DRESSED IN BLACKHAWK UNIFORMS WILL BOARD THE FREIGHTER AND FUSE HER CARGO! BUT YOU ALONE SHALL REMAIN TO WITNESS THE FIREWORKS!

YOU SHE-DEVIL! YOU WOULDN'T DARE!



THIS INJECTION WILL NUMB YOUR MIND AND BODY! YOU'LL HAVE FEW OBJECTIONS TO ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS FROM NOW ON!



In the meantime...

I CANNOT BELIEVE BLACKHAWK WOULD ABANDON THE PLANE UNLESS HE WAS FORCED TO!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! SNARL HAD HAVE BEEN THE LEADER OF THE SPIES IN OUR MIND. WHAT OF THE FREIGHTER, ANDER?



SHE'S SAFE AT THE CANAL LOCKS!

AT LEAST HER MUNITIONS WILL ENABLE US TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT! I OFFER YOU EVERY RESOURCE AT MY COMMAND, IN YOUR SEARCH FOR YOUR LEADER!



SOMEWHERE WE MUST PICK UP A CLUE TO THE SUBMARINE'S WHEREABOUTS... AND THEIR INTENTIONS!

SAILOR BOYS ON FREIGHTER MAYBE KNOW MORE ABOUT STRANGE ACCIDENT! THEY PLENTY CLOSE WHEN BLACKHAWK PICKED UP BY SUBMARINE!



IT IS MYSTERY TO ME WHY THE SUBMARINE WAS WAITING HERE!

THE PRIME MINISTER SAYS IT WAS TIGRAT'S DOG WELL, MAYBE THE LADS ON THE FREIGHTER WILL TELL US MORE!





Meanwhile...

HOW'S THE PATIENT, MEN?

HE'S A LITTLE DOPEY, BUT HE CAN STILL GET AROUND ON HIS FEET!



REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, BOYS, AND DO A GOOD JOB! WE'LL BE HERE TO PICK YOU UP AT THE APPOINTED TIME!

CHECK! WE'LL BE THERE!



THIS GUY WEIGHS LIKE A TON OF SOLID BEEP!

BUT IF YOU MEN! SAVE THE NOISE UNTIL WE GET UP ON THE CANAL LOCK!



OH, GLORY BE TO ME THAT THERE AIN'T NO MORE OF US, FOR THE SEVEN OF US COULD DRINK IT UP ALONE!

HAW, HAW! ONE MORE CHORUS, MEN!

HALT! WHO'S THERE?



IDENTIFY YOURSELVES!

IDENTIFY? SHAY, ARE YOU KIDDIN'? WE'RE THE BLACKHAWKS—NIG—DONTCHA KNOW US?



AHA! BLACKHAWKS, EH? OF COURSE I KNOW YOU! THE WHOLE CITY RINGS WITH YOUR PRAISES! PASS, FRIENDS!

THAT'S A BOY! WE'LL DO SHAME FOR YOU, SHAME-DAY!



SHHH! WE'LL HAVE TO SLUG THIS GUY! HE'S TOO CLOSE TO THE SHIP!

RIGHT!



















# Torchy



GOSH! I  
DON'T DO A  
THING TO  
ATTRACT HIS  
ATTENTION!

MIGUEL, IT WAS SWEET OF  
YOU TO FLY ALL THE WAY UP  
FROM BELOW THE BORDER—  
JUST TO TAKE ME TO YOUR  
BULLFIGHT!

FOR YOU, TORCHY, I  
FLY TO MARS!

GODNESS! IT  
DOESN'T SEEM  
POSSIBLE A BIG,  
STRONG BULLFIGHTER  
LIKE YOU CAN GO SO  
SOFT OVER AN  
ORDINARY  
GIRL!

ORDINARY GIRL? CARAMBA!  
YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTI-  
FUL QUEEN BEEN THE  
WORLD AND THE STRONG-  
EST CREATURE BEEN THE  
WORLD WOULD MELT AT  
THE SIGHT OF  
YOU!

















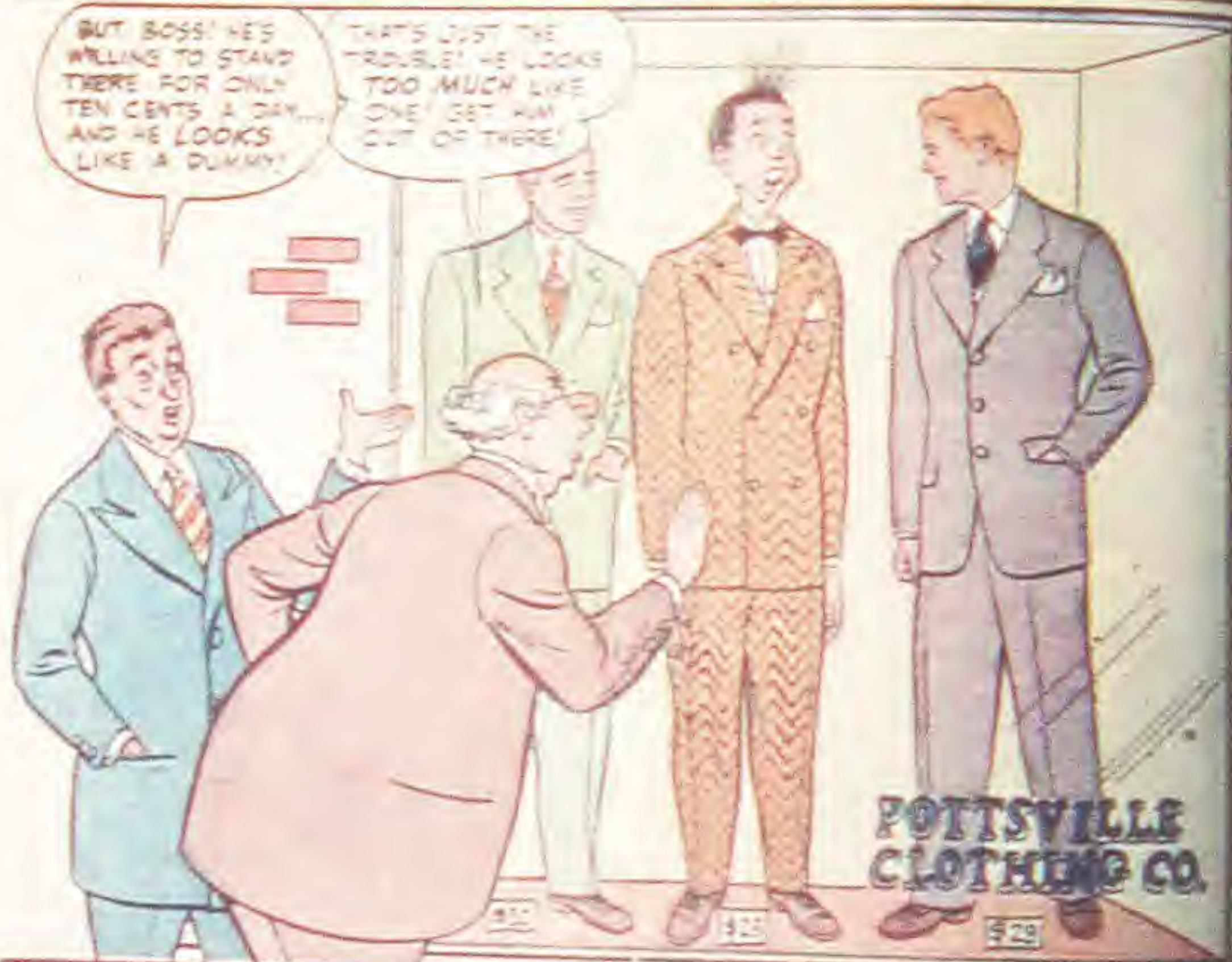








# DOGTAG



Dogtag opens a delivery service in Pottsville.



LUCKY NUMBER 7777 ON THIS PUNCHBOARD WINS A NEW CAR! OMON - TAKE A PUNCH!

I'LL PUNCH **YOU** IF YOU DON'T GET OUT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GAMBLING!















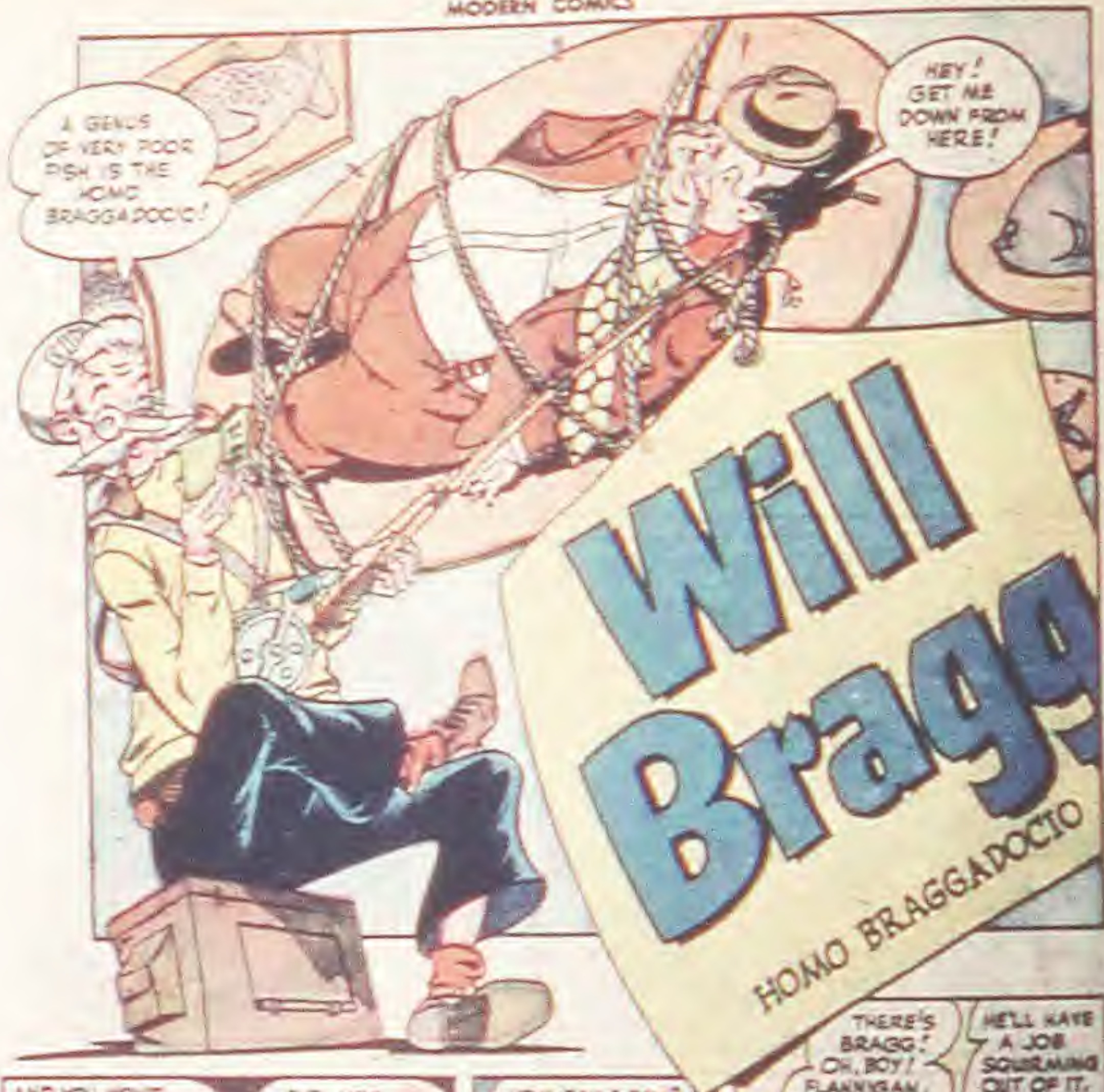






























BRAGG! YOU WIN THE  
OL, TOO! YOU CAUGHT  
THE BIG ONE!

WELL,  
THANKS,  
FELLOWS!

GOOD-BYE, TUNA, OLD  
FRIEND! YOU'VE NO  
IDEA WHAT A PLEASURE  
IT'S BEEN TO FISH  
WITH YOU AGAIN!

GOOD-BYE, SHORDFISH!  
AND THANKS FOR  
EVERYTHING!



WE GOT WHAT  
ALL REAL  
SPORTSMAN-  
SHIP!

AND YOU TELL  
THE BIGGEST  
WHOPPERS OF  
ANYONE I  
EVER MET!  
EXCEPT, TODAY,  
I BELIEVE I  
OUTDID YOU!

WHAT DO YOU  
SUPPOSE  
HOOKER  
MEANT BY  
THAT?

SOMETHING TELLS  
ME WE'RE THE  
SUCKERS!



Later  
THERE'S A LITTLE  
EXTRA MONEY  
THERE, MRS.  
MAROULANAN -- TO  
COVER PARLOR  
PRIVILEGES!

I NEVER WOULD HAVE  
BELIEVED IT! IT  
ALMOST SOUNDS  
LIKE A FISH  
STORY!





# SKIPPER





# EZRA

FORE!

AW, DON'T BE GREEDY, EZRA! AREN'T THREE ENOUGH?



OH, LOOK!

I'D LOVE TO TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE, MYRNA, BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE MONEY!

LET'S HAVE A PAPER, JOE!

WIMMEN! ALWAYS HAVE TO MEASURE THINGS IN TERMS OF MONEY—

...AND THAT MAKES ME THE SHORTEST GUY IN SCHOOL!

























OSH, MYRNA, YOU  
HATE TO TAKE  
SO SERIOUSLY!

OH, EZRA! YOU'RE  
ALL RIGHT!



I GUESS YOU DIDN'T  
HEAR MY WARNING  
WHEN I TEE'D OFF!

GOLLY, I HOPE I  
DIDN'T RUIN YOUR  
SHOT!



YOU DIDN'T! BUT SAY,  
HARD THE YOUNG LADY  
ATION THE BUGS  
BERGEN DANCE!

YEH! WE WERE  
HOPING TO GO,  
BUT NOW I GUESS  
WE'LL STAY HOME  
AND LISTEN TO  
HIS RECORDS!



WELL, I'M BUGS BERGEN,  
AND YOU'VE BEEN SUCH  
A GOOD SPORT ABOUT  
THIS ACCIDENT---

BUGS  
BERGEN?



WHAT I'D LIKE YOU TWO TO BE  
GUESTS FOR DINNER AND THE  
--- AND, IF YOU'D LIKE,  
BOYS ARE HAVING A  
JAM SESSION  
LATER!

GOLLY!

GEE!



--- SO THEN BUGS SAID, "EZRA,  
IF YOU'LL HELP ME WITH MY  
GOLF GAME, YOU AND MYRNA  
CAN BE MY GUESTS AT THE  
DANCE!" SO I SAID---





# The FIREBALLS

**T**HUNDERING through heavy cloud masses, the big plane of the Blackhawk headed westward. The sun was a red ball directly ahead.

Blackhawk, at the controls, studied the big red ball with an appreciative look. To him there was always something extremely romantic about flying into the sun. He imagined that in the days of clipper ships there must have been mariners who felt the same way. The only difference was that planes were many times faster than ships and one's spirits could literally and figuratively soar.

Andre, the French navigator, was looking at the sun too. He had a puzzled expression. Suddenly he said, "Odd about that sun, Blackhawk. According to my watch, it should have been down some minutes ago. Yet here it is, still big as life!"

Blackhawk said, "Well, now that you mention it, Andre, there is something funny about that sun. You're right—it should be down."

Hendrickson, the big Dutch engineer, sidled into the control cabin and stared out the pilot's window for a moment.

"Huh," he grunted. "Dot's a mighty odd sun. And for why is she up yet?"

Blackhawk shook his head. "We're a bit puzzled, Hendrickson. That's like no sun we've ever seen. And what's stranger yet, it seems to be getting bigger!"

Chuck, the American radioman, slipped into the compartment with a startled look on his face.

"Hey, you guys!" he shouted. "The radio signals have died out. I can't get a thing!"

Blackhawk pointed ahead. "Take a look at that sun, Chuck," he said. "Ever see anything like it?"

Chuck's mouth fell open. "Well, break my aerial and call me static!" he exclaimed. "I'll say I never did. How come? What's wrong with the sun, anyway?"

Stanislav, the big Balkan scientist of the group, entered from his "flying" laboratory. He looked glum.

"There is something wrong. I have been watching that sun for some time. She is all wrong, that sun!"

"We're agreed on that, Stan," said Blackhawk. "And may I point out again that it's

rapidly getting larger! It's swelling to almost twice its normal size!"

It was true. As their plane flew westward, the ominous sun had grown vastly larger. Now it appeared to fill the entire sky ahead of them.

Chuck yelled, "Bring her nose up, Blackhawk! Looks like we're gonna plow into it if we don't get some altitude!"

The leader lifted the ship easily and they gained altitude. Still the huge red filled the vast area which lay ahead.

Blackhawk was forced to hit 45,000 feet before they seemed to be flying above the frightening orbit of fire.

A tenseness gripped every member of the crew. Little Chop Chop, the Chinese, hurried in with a tray of sandwiches. He looked at the sun and puckered his lips.

"Ancestor say, sun hide on other side of world," he commented. "Guess maybe we reach other side." Chop Chop shook his head and shuffled away, muttering.

The gigantic sun was almost below them now, and it seemed as large as the universe. At 40,000 feet, they could feel the awful heat from it, and they heard an ominous crackling sound above the throb of the engines.

"This is the most frightening thing I've ever seen," said Blackhawk. "That sun's traveling at enormous speed, and not far above the surface of the ocean."

"Stan," said Chuck, "haven't you doped out anything yet about what that thing is?"

Stanislav shook his head. "It would be hard to say, Chuck. It looks like a creation of the devil, yes."

"But scientifically," Chuck persisted. "What could it be?"

Blackhawk said, "One thing certain, it isn't an escaped planet, nor is it a meteor. Note its direct line of travel—straight east. It almost seems as if it might be man-guided!"

The sun sped beneath them with blinding speed, and in a few seconds had vanished in the east. And at that time Chuck at last got a clear radio signal.

His face was pale beneath his tan as he listened. The message over, he removed his headset and closed the key.

"That thing crashed into a ship a hundred miles from here and blew it to smithereens,"



expected. "Coast Guard plane saw it hap-

Blackhawk brooded over the controls for a moment. "Can't you see what's going to happen?" he asked. "That thing was heading east. It will crash the West Coast—probably is there now. And the damage will be frightful. We must do something!"

Chuck held up a hand for silence as he tuned the receiver. When he closed his set, again his face was pasty white.

It struck south Portland, wiped out everything in its path, then cut a great swath through the Oregon forest country toward the coast.

The receiving signal glowed, indicating another incoming message. Chuck listened for a moment, then asked that the message be repeated. This time Chuck cut in the loudspeaker for all to hear. This is what they heard:

"Citizens of America! This is only a warning. The next fire balls will be far bigger and more dreadful. I can easily wipe out the entire country in a few minutes. I don't wish to do that. I only wish dominion over your country. I'll give you five hours to answer. Heed my warning, Americans!"

The crew was stunned for a moment. Then one said in a hushed voice, "Sacre Nom! That madman is behind this! And what monstrous weapon is he using?"

Blackhawk made a few rapid manipulations on the huge panel before him. Then he grumbled, "What a stupid oaf I've been. I should have traced that signal. Now he's probably too far away."

Chuck said, "Then you think he's in a hurry?"

Blackhawk nodded. "Most emphatically, I do."

"Wait," said Chuck. "Another message coming in. Listen." He flipped the loud speaker. Again came the voice of the mysterious man: "Blackhawks, attention! I know all about you. Where you are at this very instant. If I so desire, I can destroy you all. I don't wish to do that; you can be useful to me. Here are my instructions: Fly at once to your island and await me. I have a proposition to make to you. Do it at once, please, or you'll be engulfed by fireball!"

Blackhawk gazed around at the group, then announced, "We'll follow instructions, men. This may be the way to trap this demon. Let's fly at once to Blackhawk Island!"

Several hours later they landed in pitch darkness and eased the big ship into its hangar. Blackhawk then led the way up the stairway

to their control room. Chuck sat down at the radio and opened the set. He had hardly done this when a message came buzzing in.

"Blackhawk!" said the transmitting voice, "you did wisely. Please clear a landing space for our ship. We'll be coming down within a half hour. No tricks, if you value your lives."

The sender of this message did not give any identifying call signs.

Chuck adjusted the wave length, and caught a broadcast from the States.

"Strange fireball crashes into Rocky Mountains and explodes with earth-shaking impact. Thousand-foot crater results."

Then Blackhawk began barking commands. In a moment his men were back in the huge hangar, setting radio controls on several small fighter ships. The radar told them that a plane was approaching the island at a fast clip.

"But," said Blackhawk, "we don't know how well this strange plane is protected—perhaps it is able to throw up a wall of force that will deflect shells."

"Right," said Chuck. "Maybe they'll glance off."

Blackhawk grinned. "But we haven't tried the disintegrator fog as yet. We won't take any chances with these people. Turn on the disintegrator Stan!" he ordered.

Almost immediately after Stan threw the switch an impenetrable cloud of heavy metallic mist cloaked the island.

The roar of the fireball ship could be heard plainly now, so Blackhawk ordered the fighter ships launched—their fire to be coordinated at a common center about three thousand feet above the island.

The fighters had hardly left the runway, when, after a mighty roar, the sky was lit up for miles around. At first the Blackhawks thought it was another fireball, but then bits of wreckage began falling toward the island. The disintegrating fog had done its work, and the evil genius who developed the fireballs was no more. Chop Chop found his body in the wreckage. Papers in the dead man's tunic revealed that he was Zogoroff, a famous European scientist who had been commissioned by his government to conquer the United States.

The fireballs? Blackhawk figured they were possibly atomic balls, which, creating an arc of energy about them, continued to throw off force and gain in size and speed as they traveled.

But no one really knows what they were. The important fact was that America was spared from utter devastation by the courageous action of Blackhawk and his men.



# CHOO CHOO



AND DO YOU  
CHOO CHOO LA MOE,  
RAISE YOUR RIGHT  
HAND AND SOLEMNLY  
SWEAR...

NO!  
NICE GIRLS  
DON'T  
SWEAR!

*Tracken*  
PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE  
AGENCY

GOSH, CHERRY, GET A LOAD  
OF THIS—"AL MAGWOOD,  
HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER,  
FLYING EAST IN QUEST  
OF TALENT FOR  
FORTHCOMING  
PRODUCTION!"

HERTS!

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO  
ME, SARAH BERNHARDT!  
DROP YOUR THEATRICAL INTERESTS  
AND START SCANNING THE HELP-  
WANTED SECTION FOR A JOB! THE  
RENT'S DUE THIS  
WEEK?

OKAY, SING  
LEGREE, BUT YOU  
JUST DON'T UNDER-  
STAND  
ME!





HERE'S SOMETHING!  
SALE INVESTIGATOR  
WANTED FOR PRIVATE  
AGENCY! INTERESTING WORK,  
GOOD WAGES!

THAT'S MORE  
LIKE IT! JOT  
DOWN THE  
ADDRESS  
AND WE'LL  
HIT THAT  
AGENCY  
FIRST!



WELL, THIS IS IT!  
WISH ME LUCK!

I'LL BE  
ROOTING  
FOR YOU  
KID!

YOUR APPLICATION SEEMS  
IN GOOD ORDER, MISS  
MOE! HAVE YOU EVER  
ANY EXPERIENCE IN  
DETECTIVE LINE?

WE'LL PUT YOU THROUGH AN  
ELEMENTARY JUJITSU  
COURSE AND YOU'LL  
BE ALL SET, MISS  
LA MOE!

SHOW THIS  
YOUNG LADY  
THROUGH SOME  
BASIC JUJITSU,  
CRUSHER?

WITH PLEASURE,  
CHIEF!

WELL, I'VE HAD  
A LOT OF  
PRACTICE IN  
TRAILING  
JOBS!

GYM

JUJITSU?  
B-BUT I---

B-BUT,  
I---



HUN? MISS LA MOE, HAVE YOU COMPLETED  
YOUR COURSE SO QUICKLY?

YES, INDEED! I'VE  
FINISHED THAT COURSE...  
AND THE INSTRUCTOR!













OOOF!

SORRY, MISS! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THERE!



G-GOSH! HE SAW ME! IF I LET MYSELF GET CAUGHT LIKE THAT AGAIN, I'LL WIND UP UNDER A GRASS PLOT!



HE COULDN'T HAVE DISAPPEARED SO QUICKLY! HE MUST HAVE TAKEN A CAB!



A WELL-DRESSED MAN JUST CAME OUT OF THAT DRUGSTORE AND TOOK A CAB! IF YOU SAW HIM, PLEASE FOLLOW HIS CAB!

HUH?



I'M ON MY WAY TO PRATT'S DEPARTMENT STORE! MAYBE YOUR MAN WENT THAT WAY!

WH---? GRAWK!



N-NO, THANKS! I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN ANOTHER CAB---ER, I MEAN, NO, THANKS!



Soon...

HE'S GOING TO MEET HIS ACCOMPLICE IN THE FUR DEPARTMENT! I'LL WAIT FOR HIM THERE!

PRATT'S DEPT. STORE







# WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON  
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,  
IT'S GOT A NEW  
**Bendix**  
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES  
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND  
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S  
BIKE PEDALS EASIER.  
COASTS LONGER  
AND STOPS  
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

#### JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life—Dependable performance—  
Fewer parts—Easy to put together and  
take apart—Sealed against dirt and water.

LOOK  
for the  
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

**Bendix**  
AVIATION CORPORATION







# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP  
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE  
VACATIONING  
OUT WEST,  
DEPUTY U.S.  
ROYAL AND  
THE BOYS OF  
THE ELM CITY  
BIKE CLUB  
ARE ENJOYING  
THE SIGHTS,  
WHEN  
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,  
WHO'S KICKING UP  
ALL THAT DUST  
DOWN THERE IN  
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND  
THE POSSES  
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH  
HIS GLASSES... HE SEES...

GOOD! THE  
POSSE CAN'T  
FIGURE WHICH  
WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...  
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL  
WE GET THROUGH THE  
GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND  
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE  
GORGE... I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE  
THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST  
GET TO THE TOP  
OF THAT GORGE  
BEFORE THOSE  
CATTLE-THIEVES  
GET TO THE  
BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE  
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM  
TO TURN BACK... RIGHT  
INTO THE HANDS OF  
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE  
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'  
RACKET... THAT WAS MIGHTY  
FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

YOU MEAN MIGHTY  
FAST BIKING...  
THANKS TO OUR U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY  
"BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--  
WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--  
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING...  
SAFE, QUICK STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE...  
PERFECT CONTROL--BE SURE TO GET U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-  
IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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